

# Gun Street Girl

Tom Waits

One, two, three  
Falling James in the Tahoe mud  
Stick around to tell us all a tale  
Well, he fell in love with a Gun Street girl  
And now he's dancing in the Birmingham jail  
Dancing in the Birmingham jailHe took a hundred dollars off a slaughterhouse Joe  
Brought a brand new Michigan twenty-gauge  
He got all liquored up on that road house corn  
Blew a hole in the hood of a yellow Corvette  
A hole in the hood of a yellow CorvetteHe bought a second-hand Nova from a Cuban Chinese  
And dyed his hair in the bathroom of a Texaco  
With a pawnshop radio, quarter past four  
He left for Waukegan at the slamming of the door  
Left for Waukegan at the slamming of the doorI said John, John, he's long gone  
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home  
I said John, John, he's long gone  
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming homeHe's sitting in a sycamore in St. John's wood  
Soaking day-old bread in kerosene  
Well, he was blue as a robin's egg and brown as a hog  
He's staying out of circulation till the dogs get tired  
Out of circulation till the dogs get tiredShadow fixed the toilet with an old trombone  
He never get up in the morning on a Saturday  
Sitting by the Erie with a bull-whipped dog  
Telling everyone he saw, "they went that-a-way, boys"  
Telling everyone he saw, "they went that-a-way"Now the rain's like gravel on an old tin roof  
And the Burlington Northern pulling out of the world  
Now a head full of bourbon and a dream in the straw  
And a Gun Street girl was the cause of it all  
A Gun Street girl was the cause of it allWell, he's riding in the shadow by the St. Joe ridge  
Hearing the click-clack tapping of a blind man's cane  
He was pulling into Baker on a New Year's Eve  
One eye on a pistol and the other on the door  
One eye on a pistol and the other on the doorMiss Charlotte took her satchel down to King Fish Row  
Smuggled in a brand new pair of alligator shoes  
With her fireman's raincoat and her long yellow hair  
Well, they tied her to a tree with a skinny millionaire  
Tied her to a tree with a skinny millionaireI said John, John, he's long gone  
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home  
I said John, John, he's long gone

Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home  
Banging on the table with an old tin cup  
Sing I'll never kiss a Gun Street girl again  
Never kiss a Gun Street girl again  
I'll never kiss a Gun Street girl again  
I said John, John, he's long gone  
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home  
I said John, John, he's long gone  
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home

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